

A Comical New
D I A L O G U E
 Between Mr. G----ff, *K*
A Pious Dissenting Parson,
 AND
A Female-QUAKER,
 (A Goldsmith's Wife) near *Cheapside*;

Whom the Reverend Preacher pick'd up. With the Discourse that
 pass'd between them, and the Treatment he gave her.

Also, how He was Apprehended for the same, and carried before a Justice of Peace: And
 sent to *Wood-street-Compter* on *Wednesday Night* last.

A Certain Dissenting Elder, whose Sir-
 name begins with G--ff, met on *Wed-*
nesday Evening last with a very Genteel
 handsome Female *Quaker*, who prov'd to be a
 Goldsmith Wife near *Cheapside*; at the sight of
 whom, the Flesh over-ruling the Spirit, and
 being into Temptation by her Beauty, he a-
 marously attack'd her in the following manner.

Diff. Parson. My most dear, and pretty *Ma-*
dam, if I might possibly have an opportunity to de-
 clare my Business, you wou'd soon be satisfied of the
 great Good I design you.

Goldf. Wife. Design me Sir? truly Sir, I
 can't understand your Business, and unless you
 can tell me here, I can't tell what you mean by
 an Opportunity.

Diff. Parson. I mean, my Dear, that you are
 very Charming, and I cou'd wish to tell you by my
 self, how much I admire you; well, I'll vow those
 pretty Eyes of yours do so allure me, I'm lost in ad-
 miration; were you but as kind as you are pretty,
 you wou'd be the fairest Creature on the Earth.

Goldf. Wife. This is all a Riddle to me, Sir,
 my Eyes, my Beauty, and I don't know what
 —wou'd you wou'd be plain, Sir, as you are
 mysterious, and let me understand what all this
 profess'd kindness means?

Diff. Parson. Can you not guess then? I fancy
 you little Rogue you, you are not so innocent as you
 make your self; D'ye never take a Bottle, Child?
 d'ye never drink with a Friend?

Goldf. Wife. Never with any Friends I don't
 know, Sir; or with those I have no Business
 with; nor indeed with any Body else, unless it
 be at home.

Diff. Parson. Oh I understand you! you have a
 Lodging of your own—the properest place in the
 World; 'tis a thousand times better than a Tavern!
 I'll go with you my Dear; and there we'll discourse
 farther of the Matter—I have a small Present for
 you, Child, shall be worth your Acceptance.

Goldf. Wife. Oh dear Sir, I conceive your

purpose now! it seems to me that you want a
 Mistress—Why Sir, you rather shew the Gra-
 vity of a Reformer, than the wicked Air of a
 Seducer of a Woman—Are you really the
 Man you seem to be?

Diff. Parson. I tell you I am—Nay, I am
 more than I seem to be, and so you shall find me,
 Child, if you will but make Tryal.

Goldf. Wife. Shall I indeed, Sir—well, I
 am very glad to have discover'd your Design:
 Can a Man under the discipline of the Spirit,
 be so liable to lust after the Flesh? or pray Sir,
 if you must be Exercising your self in a Carnal
 way, have not you She-Saints enough of your
 own Congregation to bestow your Benediction
 on—alas Sir, I'm of another Religion, and
 shall never be subdu'd by your Amorous man-
 ner of Holding forth.

Diff. Parson. How came you to know I was a
 Teacher?

Goldf. Wife. Oh dear Sir; your Reverend Af-
 fect shews it—your Wabbling Gate, and san-
 ctified Way of picking up a poor She-Sinner:
 you make Love as if 'twere out of the *Pilgrims*
Progress, and have as many Tropes and Figures
 as are in *Quarles's Emblems*: you must certainly
 be a Great Man in the Pulpit, that can dis-
 course so Learnedly of other Matters out of
 it—especially of Love, good Doctor.

Diff. Parson. Come, come, no more of that, Child.
 'Tis an ungrateful subject at this time—why, Men
 are Men, and all are subject to Love and Beauty,
 as well the Priest as the Layman; Flesh and Blood
 is very powerful: I am vigorous and strong, you are
 young and handsome; and where's the Harm of a
 little Amorous Conversation?

Goldf. Wife. And is this the Doctrine you
 teach? Is this the Spoon-Meat you feed the
 poor harmless Souls of your Congregation
 with? They are in a fair way to be happy, I
 find—But as to the Business in Hand, Sir;
 it happens to be a mistake, I am not inclinable
 at present to be at your Worshipful disposal.

Diff. Parson. Nay, bold Child—There's no mistake but what I'll salve up presently; you are surpriz'd to find a Man of my Profession shou'd be a little Enamour'd, and I am much surpriz'd to find that you don't think us as good Benefactors as any—We are generally Men of Vigorous Inclinations and Strong Backs—therefore a Word more before we part. [Takes hold of her.]

Goldf. Wife. Nay, no rudeness, Sir,—if you do, I'll raise the Street on you.

Diff. Parson. Ay, ay, do you cry out—and see who'll suffer for it: I must Kiss you—I can't forbear any longer.

Goldf. Wife. Be quiet Sir,—foh—you Lascivious Goat you. You a Preacher, you a Libertine—stand off.

Diff. Parson. Don't make a Noise—'tis a good Convenient Place—I must satisfy my self a little farther. [Goes to put his Hand under her Petticoats.]

Goldf. Wife. Out Villain, I cou'd spit a Leprosie on you—help, help.

[The People come in.]

Mob. How now; what's the Matter?

G. Wife. Nothing but an unsanctified Goat here, wants to be riding upon some Woman's Back; and will needs pick me up in spite of my Teeth.

Mob. How! nay if he's so rampant, we'll have him pounded.

G. Wife. Nay, if the Place had been convenient enough, I was in danger of being Ravish'd.

Diff. Parson. Alas, Gentleman, don't mind her, she's a Lewd destructive Woman, and lyes most abominably.

G. Wife. I tell you Gentlemen, he's an an Old Spiritual Pot-Gun o'er-charg'd with Letchery, and wants a little handsome Discipline to cool him.

Diff. Parson. Thou art an Imp of Satan, and thou utterest nothing but Lyes: Thou art a faithless Dalilah, and wou'dst betray me into the Hands of the Philistines; therefore Gentlemen, don't believe her.

Mob. Yes, yes, Sir—we know her to be an honest civil Woman; and one that lives not far off: therefore we'll secure you till the Constable comes, who is already gone for.

G. Wife. Ay, pray good Gentleman, lay hold of him—he's a dangerous Person, and not fit to be trusted among Common Women. He's a Fox that preaches to the Geese, and afterwards relishes his Chops with them. An outward Saint, but has the D—l in his Heart; secure him I say, and let him be Let-Blood, and have his Head shaved to cure him of his present Feavour.

[Constable comes.]

Const. How now! what's the matter here?

Mob. Matter! Mr. Constable—Why here's a Preaching kind of a Gentleman, wou'd have pick'd up Mrs.—the Goldsmith's Wife hard by: and wanted to be Naught with her; nay, he was rude to her, Kiss'd her, and went to put his Hands under her Petticoats.

Constab. How! Put his Hands under her Petticoats—come, come, Sir, I must secure you for the good of the Publick.

Diff. Parson. I tell you, Mr. Constable, they have told you nothing but a parcel of Lyes—I met her by chance, and only held a little Edifying Discourse with her.

Const. Edifying Discourse—What, I warrant it all tended to the good of her Soul—but Sir, I must take care of your Body for this Night; and so to morrow you must answer this before a Magistrate.

Diff. Parson. Sir, I am a Man of Reputation, and will send for sufficient Security.

Const. You'll have no occasion for't, Sir,—You'll be secure enough in the Compter, to satisfy me—If you'll send for Security to morrow before a Justice, it may do well: And so come along.

Mob. Ay, ay, along with him, along with him—What pick up honest Women!

Thus the poor Elder's trap'd in his own Wayes,
O! the Religion of these Pious Days:
When those that shou'd our Wickedness chastize,
Transgress themselves, and act in meer disguise:
Who tho' they Preach Vice and Prophaneness down,
And thunder 'gainst the Lewdness of the Town,
Yet hold it meet th' Body to refresh,
And in a Hole to mortify the Flesh.

F I N I S.

Licensed according to Order.